123 SOUTHWELL (R.) WORKS, viz. SAINT PETER'S COMPLAINT, with other Poems, *vellum, H. L. for W. Leake, n. d.* (1596)—MŒONIÆ, or certaine excellent Poems and spirituall Hymnes omitted in the last impression of Peter's Complaint, *by R. S. Valentine Sims for J. Busbie,* 1595—TRIUMPHS OVER DEATH, *ib.* 1596—FOURE-FOLD MEDITATION, *G. Eld, for F. Burton,* 1606—SAINT PETER'S TEARES, *W. Jones,* 1602—MARIE MAGDALEN'S LAMENTATIONS for the Losse of her Master Jesus, *Adam Islip for E. White,* 1601, *fine copies in vellum, rare, in* 1 *vol.*

The copy of "a Foure-Fould Meditation" in this volume is said to be unique. That in the British Museum is a fragment of only six leaves. It was acquired, with other rare volumes from the Ashburnham Collection in 1815.

The signer of the dedication, W. H., is supposed to be William Hall, Lord Bishop of Lincoln.

Southwell, Robt.



226 SOUTHWELL, ROBERT.

A | Fovre-Fovld | Meditation, | Of the foure laſt things: | viz. |

1. Houre of Death.
2. Day of Iudgement.
3. Paines of Hell.
4. Ioyes of Heauen.

Shewing the eſtate of the Elect and Reprobate. | Compoſed in a Diuine Poeme | by R. S. | The author of S. Peters complaint. | *Imprinted at London by G. Eld: for Francis Burton.* | *1606.*

Quarto. First edition.

COLLATION: *Two leaves; B—G 2, in fours.*

Title as above, one leaf (verso blank). Dedication to Mathew Saunders, Esq., signed W. H., one leaf (verso blank). The work, B 1—G 2, the last leaf blank.

Each page of the work has a border extending across the top and bottom composed of printer's ornaments.

225 SOUTHWELL, ROBERT.

Marie | Magdalens Funerall | Teares. | Ieremiae. | Capit. 6. Verſe. 26. | Luctum vnigeniti | fac tibi planctum | Amarum. | *At London,* | *Printed by I. R. for W. L.* | *1602.* [Colophon] *At London,* | *Printed for William Leake, dwel-* | *ling in Paules Churchyard, at* | *the ſigne of the Holy* | *Ghoſt.* | *1602.*

Octavo. Second edition.

COLLATION: *A—L, in eights.*

Title as above, within woodcut border, A 1 (verso blank). Dedication, "To the worſhipfull and vertuous Gentlewoman, Miſtreſſe D. A.", A 2—A 5. "To the Reader", A 6 and A 7. The work, A 8—L 7. The colophon as above, with woodcut device (inverted), L 8 (verso blank).

The first edition was printed in 1594.

Grill r

R C

SAINT PETERS COMPLAINT,

Newly augmented

With other Poems.

Quis non longa dies, quid non deguerit ætas



LONDON.

Printed by *H. L.* for *William Leake*: and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the holy Ghost.

The Author to his louing Coſin.

POets by abuſing their talent, and making the follies and faynings of loue the cuſtomarie ſubiect of their baſe endeuours, haue ſo diſcredited this facultie, that a Poet, a Louer, and a Lyer, are by many reckoned but three words of one ſignification. But the vanitie of men, cannot counterpoyſe the authoritie of God, who deliuering many parts of Scripture in verſe, and by his Apoſtle willing vs to exerciſe our deuotion in Hymnes and ſpiritual Sonnets, warranteth the Art to be good, and the vſe allowable. And therfore not onely among the Heathen, whoſe Gods were chiefely canonized by their Poets, and their paynim Diuinitie oracled, in verſe: but euen in the olde and Newe Teſtament, it hath beene vſed by men of greateſt pietie, in matters of moſt deuotion. Chriſt himſelfe by making a Hymne, the concluſion of his laſt Supper, and the Prologue to the firſt Pageant of his paſsion, gaue his Spouſe a methode to imitate, as in the office of the Church it appeareth, and to all men a patterne to know the true vſe of this meaſured & footed ſtile. But the deuill as he affecteth Deitie, and ſeeketh to haue all the complements of Diuine honour applyed to his ſeruice, ſo hath he among the reſt poſſeſſed alſo moſt Poets with his idle fanſies.

For in lieu of ſolemne and deuout matter, to which in duety they owe their abilities, they now buſie themſelues in expreſſing ſuch paſſions, as onely ſerue for teſtimonies to how vnworthy affections they haue wedded their wills. And becauſe the beſt courſe to let them ſee the errour of their works, is to weaue a new webbe in their owne loome, I haue heere laide a few courſe threds together, to inuite ſome skilfuller wits to goe forward in the ſame, or to begin ſome finer peece: wherein it may be ſeene how well, verſe and vertue ſute together. Blame me not (good Coſin,) though I ſend you a blameworthy preſent: in which the moſt that can commend it, is the good will of the Writer; neither Arte nor inuention giuing it any credite. If in me this be a fault, you cannot be faultleſſe that did importune me to commit it, and therefore you muſt beare part of the penance, when it ſhall pleaſe ſharpe cenſures to impoſe it. In the meane time with many good wiſhes I ſend you theſe fevve ditties: adde you the tunes, and let the Meane, I pray you, be ſtill a part in all your Muſicke.

THE AVTHOVR TO the Reader.

DEare eye that dooſt peruſe my Muſes ſtile,
With eaſie cenſure deeme of my delight:
Giue ſobreſt countenance leaue ſometime to ſmile,
And graueſt wits to take a breathing flight.
Of mirth to make a trade, may be a crime,
But tyred ſpirits for mirth muſt haue a time.

The loftie Eagle ſoares not ſtill aboue,
High flights will force her from the wing to ſtoupe,
And ſtudious thoughts at times men muſt remoue,
Leaſt by exceſſe before their time they droupe.
In courſer ſtudies tis a ſweet repoſe,
With Poets pleaſing vaine to temper proſe.

Profane conceits and faining fits I flie,
Such lawleſſe ſtuffe doth lawleſſe ſpeeches fit:
With *Dauid* verſe to vertue I apply,
Whoſe meaſure beſt with meaſured words doth fit:
It is the ſweeteſt note that man can ſing,
When grace in vertues key tunes Natures ſtring.

THE AVTHOR TO THE READER.

DEare eye that dayneſt to let fall a looke,
On theſe ſad memories of PETERS *plaints:*
Muſe not to ſee ſome mud in cleareſt Brooke.
They once were brittle mould that now are Saints.
Their weakeneſſe is no warrant to offend,
Learne by their faults, what in thine owne to mend.

If Equities euen-hand the ballance held,
Where PETERS *ſinnes and ours were made the weights:*
Ounce for his dramme, pound for his ounce we yeeld,
His ſhip would grone to feele ſome ſinners freights.
So ripe is vice, ſo greene is vertues bud:
The world doth waxe in ill, but wane in good.

This makes my mourning Muſe reſolue in teares,
This theames my heauie penne to plaine in proſe,
CHRISTS *thorne is ſharpe, no head his Garland weares:*
Stil fineſt wits are ſtilling VENVS *Roſe,*
In Paynim toyes the ſweeteſt vaines are ſpent:
To Chriſtian workes, few haue their talents lent.

Licence my ſingle penne to ſeeke a pheere,
You heauenly ſparkes of wit, ſhew natiue light:
Clouds not with miſtie lomes your Orient cleere,
Sweet flights you ſhoote, learne once to leuell right.
Fauour my wiſh, well-wiſhing workes no ill,
I moone the Sute, the Graunt reſts in your will.

Saine



Saint Peters *Complaint.*

LAunch forth my ſoule into a maine of teares,
Full fraught with griefe, the trafficke of thy mind:
Torn ſailes will ſerue, thoughts rent with guilty feares:
Giue care the ſterne, vſe ſighs in lieu of wind:
Remorſe, thy Pilot: thy miſdeede, thy Card:
Torment thy Hauen, ſhipwrack thy beſt reward.

Shun not the ſhelfe of moſt deſerued ſhame:
Sticke in the ſands of agonizing dread:
Content thee to be ſtormes and billowes game;
Diuorc't from grace thy ſou'e to pennance wed:
Fly not from forraine euils, fly from thy hart:
Worſe then the worſt of euils is that thou art.

Giue vent vnto the vapours of thy breſt,
That thicken in the brimmes of cloudie eyes:
Where ſinne was hatcht, let teares now waſh the neſt,
Where life was loſt, recouer life with cryes.
Thy treſpaſſe foule, let not thy teares be few:
Baptize thy ſpotted ſoule in weeping dew.

Fly mournfull plaints, the Ecchoes of my ruth;
Whose screeches in my frighted conscience ring:
Sob out my sorrowes, fruites of mine vntruth:
Report the smart of sinnes infernall sting.
Tell hearts that languish in the sorriest plight,
There is on earth a farre more sorry wight.

A sorrie wight, the obiect of disgrace,
The monument of feare, the map of shame,
The mirrour of mishap, the staine of place,
The scorne of time, the infamy of fame,
An excrement of earth, to heauen hatefull,
Iniurious to man, to God vngratefull.

Ambitious heads, dreame you of Fortunes pride:
Fill volumes with your forged Goddesse prayse,
You fancies drudges, plung'd in follies tide:
Deuote your fabling wits to louers layes:
Be you, ô sharpest griefes that euer wrung,
Text to my thoughts, Theame to my playning tung.

Sad subiect of my sinne hath stoard my minde,
With euerlasting matter of complaint:
My threnes an endlesse Alphabet doe finde,
Beyond the pangs which *Ieremie* doth paint.
That eyes with errors may iust measure keepe,
Most teares I wish that haue most cause to weepe.

All

All weeping eyes reſigne your teares to me:
A ſea will ſcantly rince my ordur'd ſoule:
Huge horrours in high tides muſt drowned be,
Of euery teare my crime exacteth tole.
Theſe ſtaines are deepe: few drops take out no ſuch:
Euen ſalue with ſore: and moſt is not too much.

I fear'd with life, to die; by death to liue:
I left my guide, now left, and leauing God.
To breath in bliſſe, I fear'd my breath to giue:
I fear'd for heauenly raigne, an earthly rod.
Theſe feares I fear'd, feares feeling no miſhaps:
O fond, ô faint, ô falſe, ô faultie lapſe!

How can I liue, that thus my life deni'd?
What can I hope, that loſt my hope in feare?
What truſt to one, that truth it ſelfe defi'd?
What good in him that did his God forſweare?
O ſinne of ſinnes! of euils the very worſt:
O matchleſſe wretch! ô catiffe moſt accurſt!

Vaine in my vaunts, I vowd, if friends had fail'd,
Alone *Chriſts* hardeſt fortunes to abide:
Giant in talke; like dwarfe, in triall quaild:
Excelling none, but in vntruth and pride.
Such diſtance is betweene high words and deeds:
In proofe, the greateſt vaunter ſeldome ſpeeds.

Ah raſhnes, haſtie riſe to murdering leape,
Lauiſh in vowing, blind in ſeeing what:
Soone ſowing ſhames that long remorſe muſt reape:
Nurſing with teares that ouer-ſight begat;
Scout of repentance, harbinger of blame,
Treaſon to wiſedome, mother of ill name.

Ioh. 9.

The borne-blind begger, for receiued ſight,
Faſt in his faith and loue, to *Chriſt* remain'd,
Hee ſtooped to no feare, he fear'd no might,
No change his choice; no threats his truth diſtain'd.
One wonder wrought him in his dutie ſure:
I, after thouſands, did my Lord abiure.

Could ſeruile feare of rendring Natures due,
Which growth in yeeres was ſhortly like to claime,
So thrall my loue, that I ſhould thus eſchue
A vowed death, and miſſe ſo faire an ayme?
Die, die, diſloyall wretch, thy life deteſt:
For ſauing thine, thou haſt forſworne the beſt.

Ah life, ſweet drop, drownd in a ſea of ſowres,
A flying good, poſting to doubtfull end,
Still looſing months and yeeres to gaine new howres:
Faine, time to haue, and ſpare, yet forc't to ſpend:
Thy growth, decreaſe, a moment all thou haſt:
That gone, ere knowne: the reſt, to come, or paſt.

Ah

Ah life, the maze of countleſſe ſtraying waies,
Open to erring ſteps, and ſtrew'd with baits,
To winde weake ſenſes into endleſſe ſtrayes,
A looſe from vertues rough vnbeaten ſtraights;
A flower, a play, a blaſt, a ſhade, a dreame,
A liuing death, a neuer turning ſtreame.

And could I rate ſo high a life ſo baſe?
Did feare with loue caſt ſo vneuen account,
That for this goale I ſhould runne Iudas race,
And Caiphas rage in crueltie ſurmount?
Yet they eſteemed thirtie pence his price.
I, worſe then both, for nought deny'd him thrice. *Math.* 26.

The mother ſea, from ouerflowing deepes,
Sends forth her iſſue by diuided vaines:
Yet back her of-ſpring to her mother creepes,
To pay their pureſt ſtreames with added gaines;
But I, that drunke the drops of heauenly flud,
Bemyr'd the giuer with returning mud.

Is this the harueſt of his ſowing toyle?
Did *Chriſt* manure thy heart to breede him briers?
Or doth it neede this vnaccuſtom'd ſoyle,
With helliſh dung to fertile heauens deſires?
No, no, the Marle that periuries doth yeeld,
May ſpoyle a good, not fat a barraine field.

Was this for beſt deſerts the dueſt meede?
Are higheſt worths well wag'd with ſpitefull hire?
Are ſtouteſt vowes repeal'd in greateſt neede?
Should friendſhip, at the firſt affront, retire?
Bluſh, crauen ſot, lurke in eternall night:
Crouch in the darkeſt caues from loathed light.

Matth.16. Ah wretch, why was I nam'd ſonne of a doue,
Whoſe ſpeeches voyded ſpight, and breathed gall?
No kin I am vnto the bird of loue:
My ſtonie name much better ſutes my fall,
My othes were ſtones; my cruell tongue the ſling:
My God, the mark: at which my ſpight did fling.

Were all the Iewiſh tyranies too few
To glut thy hungrie lookes with his diſgrace:
That thou more hateſull tyrannies muſt ſhew,
And ſpet thy poyſon in thy Makers face?
Iohn, 18. Didſt thou to ſpare his foes put vp thy ſword,
To brandiſh now thy tongue againſt thy Lord?

Ah tongue, that didſt his prayſe and God-head ſound,
How wert thou ſtain'd with ſuch deteſting words,
That euerie word was to his heart a wound,
And launc't him deeper then a thouſand ſwords?
What rage of man, yea what infernall ſpirit,
Could haue diſgorg'd more loathſome dregs of ſpite?

Why

Why did the yeelding ſea, like marble way,
Support a wretch more wauering then the waues? *Mat.* 14.
Whom doubt did plunge, why did the waters ſtay?
Vnkind, in kindneſſe, murthering, while it ſaues?
O that this tongue had then been fiſhes food,
And I deuour'd before this curſing mood.

There ſurges, depths, and ſeas vnfirme by kind,
Rough guſts, and diſtance both from ſhip and ſhoare,
Were titles to excuſe my ſtaggering mind;
Stout feet might falter on that liquid floare:
But heer, no ſeas, no blaſts, no billowes were,
A puffe of womans wind bred all my feare.

O coward troups, far better arm'd then harted!
Whom angrie words, whō blowes could not prouoke, *Iob.* 15.
Whom thogh I taught how ſore my weapon ſmarted,
Yet none repaide me with a wounding ſtroke.
O no: that ſtroke could but one moity kill,
I was reſeru'd both halfes at once to ſpill.

Ah, whether was forgotten loue exil'd?
Where did the truth of pledged promiſe ſleepe?
What in my thoughts begat this vgly child,
That could through rented ſoule thus fiercely creepe?
O viper, feare their death by whom thou liueſt,
All good thy ruines wreck, all euils thou giueſt,

Threats threw me not, torments I none assayd:
My fray, with shades: conceits did make me yeeld,
Wounding my thoughts with feares: selfely dismayd,
I neither fought nor lost, I gave the field:
Infamous foyle: a Maidens easie breath
Did blow me downe, and blast my soule to death.

Math. 16. Titles I make vntruths, am I a rocke?
That with so soft a gale was ouer-throwne?
Am I fit Pastor for the faithfull flocke,
To guide their soules, that murdred thus mine owne?
Mar. 9. A rocke of ruine, not a rest to stay,
A Pastor, not to feede, but to betray.

Fidelitie was flowne, when feare was hatched,
Incompatible broode in vertues neast:
Courage can lesse with cowardise be matched,
Prowesse nor loue lodg'd in diuided breast;
O Adams child, cast by a sillie Eue,
Heire to thy Fathers foyles, and borne to grieue.

Mat. 17. In Thabors ioyes I eger was to dwell,
Iohn, 21. An earnest friend while pleasures light did shine,
Math. 16. But when eclipsed glorie prostrate fell,
These zealous heates to sleepe I did resigne;
And now, my mouth hath thrise his name defil'd,
That cry'd so loude three dwellings there to builde.

VVhen

When *Christ* attending the diſtreſſefull hower,
With his ſurcharged breaſt did bleſſe the ground;
Proſtrate in pangs, rayning a bleeding ſhower,
Me, like my ſelfe, a drowſie friend he found;
Thrice in his care, ſleepe clos'd my careleſſe eye,
Preſage, how him my tongue ſhould thrice denie.

Parting from *Chriſt*, my fainting force declin'd;
With lingring foote I followed him aloofe,
Baſe feare out of my hart his loue vnſhrin'd,
Huge in high words, but impotent in proofes;
My vaunts did ſeeme hatcht vnder Sampſons locks,
Yet womans words did giue me murdring knocks.

Mark. 14.
Luk. 22.

So farre luke-warme deſires in craſie loue,
Farre off in neede with feeble foote they traine;
In tydes they ſwim, low ebbes they ſcorne to proue,
They ſeeke their friends delights, but ſhun their paine;
Hire of a hireling minde is earned ſhame:
Take now thy due, beare thy begotten blame.

Ah, coole remiſnes, vertues quartane feuer;
Pyning of loue, conſumption of grace:
Old in the cradle, languor dying euer.
Soules wilfull famine, ſinnes ſoft ſtealing paſe,
The vndermining euill of zealous thought,
Seeming to bring no harmes till all be brought.

O por-

O portreſſe of the doore of my diſgrace;
Whoſe tongue vnlockt the truth of vowed minde;
Whoſe words, from cowards hart, did courage chaſe,
*Ioh.*18. And let in death-full feares my ſoule to blinde,
O hadſt thou been the portreſſe to my toome:
When thou wert portreſſe to that curſed roome.

Yet loue was loath to part; feare, loath to die:
Stay, danger, life, did counterplead their cauſes:
I fauouring ſtay, and life, bad danger flie:
But danger did except againſt theſe clauſes.
Yet ſtay, and liue, I would, and danger ſhunne:
And loſt my ſelfe, while I my verdict wonne.

I ſtayde, yet did my ſtaying fartheſt part:
I liv'd; but ſo, that ſauing life, I loſt it:
Danger I ſhunn'd, but to my ſorer ſmart:
I gayned nought, but deeper dāmage croſt it.
What danger, diſtance, death is worſe then this,
That runnes from God and ſpoyles his ſoule of bliſſe?

*Ioh.*18.16. O *Iohn* my guide into this earthly hell,
Too well acquainted in ſo ill a Court
(Where raying mouthes with blaſphemies did ſwell,
With taynted breath infecting all reſort)
Why didſt thou lead me to this hell of euils,
To ſhew my ſelfe a fiend among the deuils?

Euill

Euill preſident, the tyde that wafts to vice,
Dumme Orator, that wooes with ſilent deeds,
Writing in works leſſons of ill aduiſe,
The doing tale that eye in practiſe reedes:
Taſter of ioyes: to vnacquainted hunger:
With leauen of the old, ſeaſoning the younger.

It ſeemes no fault to doe that all haue done:
The number of offenders hides the ſinne:
Coach drawne with many horſe, doth eaſely runne,
Soone followeth one where multitudes beginne.
O, had I in that court much ſtronger bin;
Or not ſo ſtrong as firſt to enter in.

Sharpe was the weather in that ſtormie place, *Ioh.* 18.
Beſt luring hearts benumd with helliſh froſt.
Whoſe cruſted malice could admitte no grace,
Where coales were kindled to the warmers coſt,
Where feare, my thoughts canded with yſie cold:
Heate, did my tongue to periuries vnfold.

O hatefull fire (ah that I euer ſaw it)
Too hard my hart was frozen for thy force,
Farre hotter flames it did require to thaw it,
Thy hell-reſembling heate did freeze it worſe,
O that I rather had congeal'd to yſe,
Then bought thy warmth at ſuch a damning price.

Mat.26. O wakefull bird, proclaimer of the day,
Mark.14. Whose pearcing note doth daunt the Lions rage:
Thy crowing did my selfe to me bewray,
My frights, and brutish heates it did asswage.
But ô, in this alone, vnhappie Cocke,
That thou to count my foyles wert made the clocke.

O bird, the iust rebuker of my crime,
The faithfull waker of my sleeping feares:
Be now the daily clocke to strike the time,
When stinted eyes shall pay their taske of teares,
Vpbraide mine eares with thine accusing crowe:
To make me rew that first it made me knowe.

O milde reuenger of aspiring pride,
Thou canst dismount high thoughts to low effects:
Thou mad'st a Cocke me for my fault to chide,
My lofty boasts this lowely bird corrects.
Well might a Cocke correct me with a crowe,
Whom hennish cackling first did ouer-throwe.

Weake weapons did *Goliahs* fumes abate,
Whose storming rage did thunder threats in vaine:
1.Reg.17. His bodie huge, harnest with massie plate,
Yet *Dauids* stone brought death into his braine.
With staffe and sling as to a dog he came:
And with contempt did boasting furie tame.

Yet

Yet *Dauid* had with Beare and Lyon fought,
His skilful might excus'd *Goliahs* foile:
The death is eas'd that worthy hand hath wrought,
Some honour liues in honorable ſpoyle;
But I, on whom all infamies muſt light,
Was hiſt to death with words of womans ſpight.

Small gnats enforſt th' Egiptian King to ſtoupe, *Exod.8.*
Yet they in ſwarmes and arm'd with pearcing ſtings:
Smart, noyſe, annoyance, made his courage droupe,
No ſmall incombrance ſuch ſmall vermine brings:
I quaild at words that neither bit nor ſtung,
And thoſe deliuered from a womans tongue.

Ah feare, abortiue impe of drouping mind:
Selfe ouer-throw; falſe friend; roote of remorſe:
Sighted, in ſeeing euils; in ſhunning blind:
Foyld without field; by fancie not by force;
Ague of valour; phrenſie of the wiſe;
True honours ſtaine; loues froſt; the mint of lies.

Can vertue, wiſedome, ſtrength by women ſpild
In *Dauids*, *Salomons*, and *Samſons* falls,
With ſemblance of excuſe my errour gild,
Or lend a marble gloſſe to muddy walls?
O no, their fault had ſhew of ſome pretence, *2.Reg.11.*
No veyle can hide the ſhame of my offence. *3.Reg.11.* *Iudg.16.*

The blaze of beauties beames allur'd their lookes:
Their lookes, by seeing oft, conceiued loue:
Loue, by affecting, swallowed pleasures hookes:
Thus beautie, loue, and pleasure them did moue.
These Syrens sugred tunes rockt them asleepe:
Enough to damne, yet not to damne so deepe.

But gracious features dazled not mine eyes,
Two homely droyles were authors of my death:
Not loue, but feare, my senses did surprize:
Not feare of force, but feare, of womans breath.
And those vnarm'd, ill grac't, despis'd, vnknowne:
So base a blast my truth hath ouer-throwne.

O women, woe to men: traps for their falls,
Still actors in all tragicall mischances:
Earths necessarie euils, captiuing thralls,
Now murdring with your toũgs, now with your glan-
Parents of life, and loue: spoylers of both, (ces,
The theeues of harts: false, do you loue or loth.

In time, ô Lord, thine eyes with mine did meete,
In them I read the ruines of my fall.
Luk. 22. Their chearing rayes that made misfortune sweet,
Into my guiltie thoughts pourd floods of gall:
Their heauenly looks, that blest where they beheld,
Darts of disdaine, and angrie checks did yeeld.

O sacred

O ſacred eyes, the ſprings of liuing light,
The earthly heauens, where Angels ioy to dwell,
How could you deigne to view my deathfull plight,
Or let your heauenly beames looke on my hell?
But thoſe vnſpotted eyes encountred mine,
As ſpotleſſe Sunne doth on the dunghil ſhine.

Sweet volumes ſtoard with learning fit for Saints,
Where blisfull quires imparadize their minds,
Wherein eternall ſtudie neuer faints,
Still finding all, yet ſeeking all it finds,
How endleſſe is your labyrinth of bliſſe,
Where to be loſt the ſweeteſt finding is?

Ah wretch how oft haue I ſweet leſſons read,
In thoſe deare eyes the regiſters of truth?
How oft haue I my hungrie wiſhes fed,
And in their happy ioyes redreſt my ruth?
Ah that they now are Heralds of diſdaine,
That erſt were euer pittiers of my paine!

You flames diuine that ſparkle out your hearts,
And kindle pleaſing fires in mortall harts:
You Nectar'd Aumbryes of ſoule feeding meates,
You graceſull quiuers of loues deareſt darts:
You did vouchſafe to warme, to wound, to feaſt,
My cold, my ſtony, my now famiſht breaſt.

The matchleſſe eyes, matcht onely each by other,
Were pleas'd on my ill matched eyes to glaunce:
The eye of liquid pearle, the pureſt mother,
Broch't teares in mine to weepe for my miſchance;
The cabinets of grace vnlockt their treaſure,
And did to my miſdeed their mercies meaſure.

Theſe blazing Comets, lightning flames of loue,
Made me their warming influence to knowe;
My frozen hart their ſacred force did proue,
Which at their looks did yeeld like melting ſnowe:
They did not ioyes in former plentie carue,
Yet ſweet are crums where pined thoughts doe ſtarue.

O liuing mirrours, ſeeing whom you ſhew,
Which equal ſhadows worths with ſhadowed things,
Yea make things nobler then in natiue hew,
By being ſhap't in thoſe life-giuing ſprings;
Much more my image in thoſe eyes was grac't,
Then in my ſelfe, whom ſinne and ſhame defac't.

All-ſeeing eyes, more worth then all you ſee,
Of which one is the others onely price:
I worthleſſe am, direct your beames on mee,
With quickning vertue cure my killing vice.
By ſeeing things, you make things worth the ſight,
You ſeeing, ſalue, and being ſeene delight.

O Pooles

O Pooles of Heſebon, the baths of grace, *Cant.7.3.*
Where happie ſpirits diue in ſweet deſires:
Where Saints reioyce to glaſſe their glorious face,
Whoſe banks make Eccho to the Angels quires,
An Eccho ſweeter in the ſole rebound,
Then Angels muſick in the fulleſt ſound.

O eyes, whoſe glaunces are a ſilent ſpeach,
In cipherd words high myſteries diſcloſing:
Which with a looke all Sciences can teach,
Whoſe textes to faithfull harts need little gloſing:
Witneſſe vnworthie I, who in a looke
Learn'd more by rote, then all the Scribes by book.

Tough malice ſtill poſſeſt their hardned minds,
I, though too hard, learn'd ſoftnes in thine eye,
Which yron knots of ſtubborne will vnbinds,
Offring them loue, that loue with loue wil buy,
This did I learne, yet they could not diſcerne it;
But woe, that I had now ſuch needs to learne it.

O Sunnes, all but your ſelues in light excelling,
Whoſe preſence, day, whoſe abſence cauſeth night,
Whoſe neighbour courſe, brings Sommer, cold expel-
Whoſe diſtant periods freeze away delight. (ling,
Ah, that I loſt your bright and foſtring beames,
To plung my ſoule in theſe congealed ſtreames!

O graci-

O gratious ſpheres where loue the Center is,
A natiue place for our ſelfe-loaden ſoules;
The compaſſe, loue, a cope that none can miſs,
The motion, loue that round about vs rowles:
O Spheres of loue, whoſe Center, cope, and motion,
Is loue of vs, loue that inuites deuotion.

O little worlds, the ſummes of all the beſt.
Where glorie, heauen, God, ſunne, all vertues, ſtars;
Where fire a loue that next to heauen doth reſt,
Ayre, light of life, that no diſtemper marres;
The water grace, whoſe ſeas, whoſe ſprings, whoſe ſhowers
Cloth natures earth with euerlaſting flowers.

What mixtures theſe ſweet elements do yeeld,
Let happie worldlings of thoſe worlds expound,
But ſimples are by compounds farre exceld,
Both ſute a place, where all beſt things abound.
And if a baniſht wretch gheſſe not amiſſe:
All but one compound frame of perfect bliſſe.

I, out-caſt from theſe worlds, exiled rome,
Poore Saint, from heauen, from fire cold Salamander:
Loſt fiſh; from thoſe ſweet waters kindly home,
From land of life, ſtray'd pilgrim ſtill I wander.
I know the cauſe: theſe worlds had neuer hell
In which my faults haue beſt deſeru'd to dwell.

O Be-

O Bethelem ceſterns, *Dauids* moſt deſire,
From which my ſinnes like fierce Philiſtims keep, 2. *Reg.* 23.
To fetch your drops what Champion ſhould I hire,
That I therein my withered hart may ſteepe.
I would not ſhed them like that holy King,
His were but types, theſe are the figured thing.

O Turtle twins all bath'd in virgins milke, *Can.* 5. 11. 12
Vpon the margin of full flowing banks:
Whoſe gracefull plume ſurmounts the fineſt ſilke,
Whoſe ſight enamoureth heauens moſt happy ranks,
Could I forſweare this heauenly payre of Doues,
That cag'd in care for me were groning loues!

Twiſe *Moſes* wand did ſtrike the ſtubborne Rock
Ere ſtony veynes would yeeld their cryſtall blood: *Exod.* 17.
Thy eyes, one looke ſeru'd as an onely knocke, *verſe* 6.
To make my hart guſh out a weeping flood.
Wherein my ſinnes as fiſhes ſpawne their frie,
To ſhew their inward ſhames, and then to die.

But ô, how long demurre I on his eyes,
Whoſe look did pearce my hart with healing wound?
Launcing impoſtumd ſore of periur'd lyes,
Which theſe two iſſues of mine eyes hath found:
Where runne it muſt, till death the iſſues ſtop,
And penall life hath purg'd the finall drop.

Like ſoleſt Swan that ſwims in ſilent deepe,
And neuer ſings but obſequies of death,
Sigh out thy plaints, and ſole in ſecret weepe,
In ſuing pardon, ſpend thy periur'd breath,
Attire thy ſoule in ſorrowes mourning weede,
And at thine eyes let guiltie conſcience bleede.

Still in the Limbecke of thy dolefull breſt
Theſe bitter fruits that from thy ſinnes doe grow,
For fuell, ſelfe accuſing thoughts be beſt,
Vſe feare as fire; the coales let penance blow;
And ſeeke none other quinteſſence but teares,
That eyes may ſhed what entred at thine eares.

Come ſorrowing teares, the of-ſpring of my griefe,
Scant not your Parent of a needfull ayde;
In you I reſt, the hope of wiſht reliefe,
By you my ſinnefull debts muſt be defrayd:
Your power preuailes, your ſacrifice is gratefull.
By loue obtaining life to men moſt hatefull.

Come good effects of ill-deſeruing cauſe;
Ill gotten impes, yet vertuouſly brought forth:
Selfe-blaming probates, of infringed lawes,
Yet blamed faults redeeming with your worth;
The ſignes of ſhame in you each eye may read.
Yet while you guiltie proue, you pittie plead.

O beames

O beames of mercie beate on ſorrowes Clowd,
Proue ſuppling ſhowres vpon my parched grounds
Bring forth the fruite to your due ſeruice vowde,
Let good deſires with like deſerts be crownd.
Water young blooming vertues tender flower,
Sinne did all grace of riper grouth deuoure.

Weepe Balme and Myrrhe you ſweet Arabian trees,
With pureſt gummes perfume and pearle your ryne:
Shed on your honey drops you Buſie Bees,
I, barraine plant, muſt weepe vnpleaſant bryne,
Hornets I hyue, ſalt drops their labour plyes,
Suckt out of ſinne, and ſhed by ſhowring eyes.

If Dauid night by night did bathe his bed, *Pſalm. 6.7*
Eſteeming longeſt dayes too ſhort to mone:
Inconſolable teares if Anna ſhed,
Who in her ſonne her ſolace had forgone,
Then I to dayes, and weekes, to monthes and yeeres, *Tob. 10.*
Do owe the hourely rent of ſtintleſſe teares.

If loue, if loſſe, if fault, if ſpotted fame,
If danger, death, if wrath or wreck of weale,
Entitle eyes true heyres to earned blame,
That due remorſe in ſuch euents conceale,
Then want of teares might well enroll my name,
As chiefeſt Saint in Calender of ſhame.

Loue, where I lou'd, was due, and beſt deſeru'd,
No loue could ayme at more loue-worthy marke,
No loue more lou'd then mine of him I ſeru'd,
Large vſe he gaue, a flame for euerie ſparke.
This loue I loſt, this loſſe a life muſt rue,
Yea life is ſhort to pay the ruth is due.

I loſt all that I had, and had the moſt,
The moſt that will can wiſh, or wit deuiſe:
I leaſt perform'd, that did moſt vainely boaſt,
I ſtaynd my fame in moſt infamous wiſe.
What danger then, death, wrath, or wreck can moue
More pregnant cauſe of teares then this I proue?

Gene. 37. If Adam ſought a veyle to ſcarſe his ſinne,
Taught by his fall to feare a ſcourging hand,
If men ſhall wiſh that hils ſhould wrap them in,
When crimes in finall doome come to be ſcand,
What mount, what caue, what center can conceale
My monſtrous fact, which euen the birds reueale?

Come ſhame, the liuerie of offending minde,
The vgly ſhroude that ouer-ſhadoweth blame:
The mulct, at which foule faults are iuſtly fin'd,
The dampe of ſinne, the common ſluce of fame,
By which impoſtum'd tongues their humours purge,
Light ſhame on me, I beſt deſeru'd the ſcourge.

Caines

Caines murdering hand imbrude in brothers blood *Gene.4*
More mercy then my impious tongue may craue:
He kild a riuall with pretence of good,
In hope Gods doubled loue alone to haue:
But feare ſo ſpoyld my vanquiſht thoughts of loue,
That periurde oathes my ſpightfull hate did proue.

Poore Agar from her pheere enforc't to flye,
Wandring in Barſabeian wildes alone:
Doubting her child throgh helples drought would die,
Layd it alooſe, and ſet her downe to moane.
The heauens with prayers, her lap with teares ſhe fild,
A mothers loue in loſſe is hardly ſtild.

But Agar now bequeath thy teares to me,
Feares, not effects, did ſet a-floate thine eyes: *Gene.22*
But wretch I feele more then was feard of thee.
Ah not my Sonne, my ſoule it is that dyes:
It dyes for drought, yet hath a ſpring in ſight,
Worthie to die, that would not liue an I might.

Faire Abſolons foule faults compar'd with mine,
Are brighteſt ſands, to mud of Sodome Lakes; *2.Reg.15.*
High aymes, yong ſpirits, birth of royall line,
Made him play falſe where Kingdoms were the ſtakes,
He gaz'd on golden hopes, whoſe luſtre winnes
Somtime the graueſt wits to greeuous ſinnes.

But I whoſe crime cuts off the leaſt excuſe,
A Kingdome loſt, but hop't no mite of gaine,
My higheſt marke, was but the worthleſſe vſe
Of ſome few lingring howres of longer paine;
Vngratefull child, his Parent he purſude,
I, Gyants warre with God himſelfe renude.

Ioy infant Saints; whom in the tender flower
Mat.22. A happie ſtorme did free from feare of ſinne,
Long is their life that die in bliſfull hower,
Ioyfull ſuch ends as endleſſe ioyes begin.
Too long they liue, that liue till they be nought,
Life ſau'd by ſinne, baſe purchaſe dearely bought.

This lot was mine, your fate was not ſo fearce,
Whom ſpotleſſe death in Cradle rockt aſleepe,
Sweet Roſes mixt with Lillies ſtrow'd your hearce,
Death virgin white in Martyrs red did ſteepe.
Your downy heads both pearles and Rubies crownd,
My hoarie locks did female feares confound.

You bleating Ewes that wayle this woluiſh ſpoyle
Of ſucking Lambs new bought with bitter throwes,
T'inbalme your babes your eyes diſtill their oyle,
Each hart to tombe her child wide rupture ſhowes;
Rue not their death whom death did but reuiue:
Yeeld ruth to me that liu'd to die aliue.

With

With eaſie loſſe ſharpe wrecks did he eſchew,
That Sindonleſſe aſide did naked ſlip,
Once naked grace no outward garment knew,
Rich are his robes whom ſinne did neuer ſtrip,
I that in vaunts, diſplaid prides fayreſt flags,
Diſrob'd of grace, am wrapt in Adams rags.

When traytor to the ſonne, in Mothers eyes,
I ſhall preſent my humble ſute for grace,
What bluſh can paint the ſhame that will ariſe,
Or write my inward feeling in my face?
Might ſhe the ſorrow with the ſinner ſee,
Though I deſpiſde, my griefe might pittied bee.

But ah, how can her eares my ſpeech endure,
Or ſent my breath ſtill reeking helliſh ſteeme?
Can Mother like what did the Sonne abiure,
Or hart deflowr'd a virgins loue redeeme?
The Mother nothing loues that Sonne doth loath,
Ah lothſome wretch, deteſted of them both!

O ſiſter Nymphes, the ſweet renowned payre
That bleſſe Bethania bounds with your aboade:
Shall I infect that ſanctified ayre,
Or ſtaine thoſe ſteps where *Ieſus* breath'd and trode?
No: let your prayers perfume that ſweetned place;
Turne me with Tygers to the wildeſt chaſe.

Could

*Iob.*11. Could I reuiued Lazarus behold,
The third of that ſweet Trinitie of Saints;
Would not aſtoniſht dread my ſenſes hold?
Ah yes, my hart euen with his naming faints;
I ſeeme to ſee a meſſenger from hell,
That my prepared torments comes to tell.

*Mat.*16. O *Iohn*, ô *Iames*, wee made a triple cord
*Luke.*8. Of three moſt louing and beſt loued friends:
My rotten twiſt was broken with a word,
Fit now to fuell fire among the fiends;
It is not euer true, though often ſpoken,
That triple twiſted cord is hardly broken.

The diſpoſſeſſed deuils that out I threw
In IESVS name, now impiouſly forſworne,
Triumph to ſee me caged in their mew,
Trampling my ruines with contempt and ſcorne;
My periuries were muſick to their daunce,
And now they heape diſdaines on my miſchaunce.

Our rocke (ſay they) is riuen, ô welcome howre,
Our Eagles wings are clipt that wrought ſo hie:
Our thundring Cloude made noyſe but caſt no ſhowre,
He proſtate lyes that would haue ſcal'd the skie,
In womans tongue our runner found a rub,
Our Cedar now is ſhrunke into a ſhrub.

Theſe ſcornefull words vpbraid my inward thought,
Proofes of their damned prompters neighbour voice:
Such vgly gueſts ſtill wait vpon the nought.
Fiends ſwarm to ſoules that ſwarue frō vertues choiſe,
For breach of plighted truth, this true I trie;
Ah, that my deed thus gaue my word the lie.

Once, and but once, too deare a once to twice it,
A heauen, in earth, Saints, neere my ſelfe I ſaw;
Sweet was the ſight, but ſweeter loues did ſpice it,
But ſights and loues did my miſdeed with-draw.
From heauen and Saints, to hell and deuils eſtrang'd,
Thoſe ſights to frights, thoſe loues to hates are chāg'd.

Chriſt, as my God, was templed in my thought,
As man, he lent mine eyes their deareſt light,
But ſinne his temple hath to ruine brought:
And now, he lightneth terrour from his ſight,
Now of my lay vnconſecrate deſires,
Profaned wretch I taſte the earned hires.

Ah ſinne, the nothing that doth all things file;
Out-caſt from heauen, earths curſe, the cauſe of hell:
Parent of death, author of our exile,
The wrecke of ſoules, the wares that fiends doe ſell,
That men to monſters; Angels turnes to deuils:
Wrong, of all rights; ſelfe ruine; roote of euils.

A thing moſt done, yet more then God can doe,
Daily new done; yet euer done amiſſe;
Friended of all; yet vnto all a foe,
Seeming a heauen, yet baniſhing from bliſſe:
Serued with toyle, yet paying nought but paine:
Mans deepeſt loſſe, though falſe, eſteemed gaine.

Shot, without noyſe; wound without preſent ſmart:
Firſt ſeeming light; prouing in fine a lode,
Entring with eaſe, not eaſily wonne to part,
Far in effects from that the ſhowes abode;
Endorc't with hope, ſubſcribed with deſpaire;
Vgly in death, though life did faine it faire.

O forfeiture of heauen; eternall debt,
A moments ioy; ending in endleſſe fires;
Our natures ſcum; the worlds entangling Net:
Night of our thoughts; death of all good deſires.
Worſe then al this: worſe then all tongues can ſay,
Which man could owe, but onely God defray.

This fawning viper, dum till he had wounded,
With many mouthes doth now vpbraid my harmes:
My ſight was vaild till I my ſelfe confounded,
Then did I ſee the diſinchanted charmes.
Then could I cut the Anatomie of ſinne,
And ſearch with Linxes eyes what lay within.

Bewitch-

Bewitching euill, that hides death in deceits,
Still borrowing lying ſhapes to maske thy face,
Now know I the deciphring of thy ſleights,
A cunning, dearely bought with loſſe of grace;
Thy ſugred poyſon now hath wrought ſo well,
That thou haſt made me to my ſelfe a hell.

My eye, reades mournfull leſſons to my hart,
My hart, doth to my thought the greefes expound,
My thought, the ſame doth to my tongue impart,
My tongue the meſſage in the eares doth ſound;
My eares, back to my hart their ſorrowes ſend,
Thus circling griefes runne round without an end.

My guiltie eye ſtill ſeemes to ſee my ſinne,
All things Characters are to ſpell my fall,
What eye doth read without, hart rues within,
What hart doth rue, to penſiue thought is gall,
Which when the thought would by the tongue digeſt,
The eare conueyes it backe into the breſt.

Thus gripes in all my parts doe neuer fayle,
Whoſe onely league is now in bartring paines,
What I ingroſſe, they traffique by retayle,
Making each others miſeries their gaines;
All bound, for euer, prentices to care,
Whilſt I in ſhop of ſhame trade ſorrowes ware.

Pleasd with displeasing lot I seek no change,
I wealthiest am when richest in remorse;
To fetch my ware no seas nor lands I range.
For customers to buy I nothing force.
My home-bred goods at home are bought and sold,
And still in me the interest I hold.

My comfort now is comfortlesse to liue,
In Orphan state deuoted to mishap:
Rent from the roote, that sweetest fruite did giue,
I scorn'd to graffe in stock of meaner sap.
No iuyce can ioy me but of Iesse flower,
Whose heauenly roote hath true reuiuing power.

At sorrowes dore I knockt, they crau'd my name:
I aunswered one, vnworthy to be knowne;
What one, say they? one worthiest of blame.
But who? a wretch, not Gods, nor yet his owne.
A man? O no, a beast; much worse: what creature?
A rocke: how cald? the rocke of scandale, Peter.

From whence? frō Caiphas house. ah dwell you there?
Sinnes farme I rented there, but now would leaue it:
What rent? my soule; what gaine? vnrest, and feare.
Deare purchase. Ah too deare, will you receiue it;
What shall we giue? fit teares, and times to plaine mee,
Come in, say they; thus griefes did entertaine me.

With

With them I reſt true priſoner to their Iayle,
Chayn'd in the yron linkes of baſeſt thrall,
Till grace vouchſafing captiue ſoule to bayle,
In wonted See degraded loues enſtall.
Dayes paſſe in plaints; the nights without repoſe,
I wake, to weepe, I ſleepe in waking woes.

Sleepe, deaths allye, obliuion of teares,
Silence of paſſions, balme of angry ſore,
Suſpence of loues, ſecuritie of feares,
Wraths lenitiue, hearts eaſe, ſtormes calmeſt ſhore,
Senſes and ſoules repriuall from all cumbers,
Benumming ſenſe of ill, with quiet ſlumbers.

Not ſuch my ſleepe, but whiſperer of dreames,
Creating ſtrange chymeras, fayning frights:
Of day diſcourſes giuing fanſie theames,
To make dum ſhewes with worlds of anticke ſights,
Caſting true griefes in fanſies forging mold,
Brokenly telling tales rightly fore-told.

This ſleepe moſt fitly ſuteth ſorrowes bed,
Sorrow, the ſmart of euill, Sinnes eldeſt child:
Beſt, when vnkind in killing who it bred,
A racke for guiltie thoughts, a bit for wild.
The ſcourge that whips, the ſalue that cures offence:
Sorrow, my bed, and home, while life hath ſenſe.

Heere ſolitarie Muſes nurſe my griefes,
In ſilent loneneſſe burying worldly noyſe,
Attentiue to rebukes, deafe to reliefes,
Penſiue to foſter cares, careleſſe of ioyes;
Ruing lifes loſſe vnder deaths dreary roofes,
Solemnizing my funerall behooſes.

A ſelfe contempt the ſhroude, my ſoule the corſe,
The beere, an humble hope, the herſe-cloth, feare;
The mourners, thoughts, in blacks of deepe remorſe,
The herſe, grace, pittie, loue, and mercie beare.
My teares, my dole, the Prieſt a zealous will:
Penance the tombe: and doleſull ſighes the knill.

Chriſt, health of feuer'd ſoule, heauen of the mind,
Force of the feeble, nurſe of infant loues,
Guide to the wandring ſoote, light to the blind,
Whom weeping winnes, repentant ſorrow moues.
Father in care; mother in tender hart,
Reuiue and ſaue me, ſlaine with ſinnefull dart.

If King Manaſſes ſunke in depth of ſinne,
With plaints and teares recouered grace and crowne:
A worthleſſe worme ſome mild regard may winne,
And lowly creepe, where flying threw it downe.
A poore deſire I haue to mend my ill,
I ſhould, I would, I dare not ſay, I will.

I dare

I dare not ſay, I will; but wiſh I may,
My pride is checkt, high words the ſpeaker ſpilt:
My good ô Lord, thy gift, thy ſtrength, my ſtay:
Giue what thou bidſt, and then bid what thou wilt.
Worke with me what thou of me doo'ſt requeſt,
Then will I dare the moſt, and vow the beſt.

Prone looke, croſt armes, bent knee, and contrite hart,
Deepe ſighs, thick ſobs, dew'd eyes, & proſtrate prayers,
Moſt humbly beg releaſe of earned ſmart,
And ſauing ſhroud in mercies ſweet repaires.
If iuſtice ſhould my wrongs with rigor wage,
Feares, would deſpaires; ruth, breed a hopeleſſe rage.

Lazar at pitties gate I vlcered lye,
Craning the refuſe crums of childrens plate:
My ſores I lay in view to mercies eye,
My rags beares witnes of my poore eſtate;
The wormes of conſcience that within me ſwarme:
Proue that my plaints are leſſe then is my harme.

With mildnes, *Ieſu*, meaſure mine offence;
Let true remorſe thy due reuenge abate;
Let teares appeaſe when treſpaſſe doth incenſe:
Let pittie temper thy deſerued hate.
Let grace forgiue, let loue forget my fall,
With feare I craue, with hope I humblie call.

Redeeme

Redeeme my lapſe with raunſome of thy loue,
Trauerſe th' inditement, rigors doome ſuſpend:
Let frailtie fauour, ſorrowes ſuccour moue.
Be thou thy ſelfe, though changeling I offend:
Tender my ſute, cleanſe this defiled denne,
Cancell my debts, ſweet *Ieſu*, ſay Amen,

The ende of Saint Peters complaint.

Marie

MARIE MAGDALENS BLVSH.

THe ſignes of ſhame that ſtaine my bluſhing face,
Riſe from the feeling of my rauing fits.
Whoſe ioy annoy, whoſe guerdon is diſgrace:
Whoſe ſolace flyes, whoſe ſorrow neuer flits:
Bad ſeede I ſow'd, worſe fruite is now my gaine,
Soone dying mirth begat long liuing paine.

Now pleaſure ebbes, reuenge begins to flow,
One day doth wreake the wrath that many wrought:
Remorſe doth teach my guiltie thoughts to know
How cheape I ſould, that Chriſt ſo dearely bought.
Faults long vnfelt doth conſcience now bewray,
Which cares muſt cure, and teares muſt waſh away.

All ghoſtly dynts that grace at me did dart
Like ſtubborne rocke I forced to recoyle;
To other flights an ayme I made my hart, (toyle.
Whoſe wounds then welcome, now haue wrought my
Woe worth the bowe, wo worth the Archers might,
That draue ſuch arrowes to the marke ſo right.

To pull them out, to leaue them in is death;
One, to this world: one to the world to comes
Wounds may I weare, and draw a doubtfull breath:
But then my wounds will worke a dreadfull doom.
And for a world, whose pleasures passe away,
I lose a world, whose ioyes are past decay.

O sense, ô soule, ô had, ô hoped blisse,
You wooe, you weane, you draw, you driue me back.
Your crosse encountring, like their combate is,
That neuer end but with some deadly wrack.
When sense doth win, the soule doth lose the field,
And present haps make future hopes to yeeld.

O heauen lament, sense robbeth thee of Saints,
Lament ô soules, sense spoyleth you of grace.
Yet sense doth scarce deserue these hard complaints,
Loue is the thiefe, sense but the entring place,
Yet grant I must, sense is not free from sinne,
For theefe he is, that theefe admitteth in.

Marie

Marie Magdalens complaint
at Chriſtes death.

SIth my life from life is parted:
Death come take thy portion,
Who ſuruiues, when life is murdred,
Liues by meere extortion.
All that liue, and not in God,
Couch their life in deaths abod.

Seely ſtarres muſt needs leaue ſhining,
When the ſunne is ſhadowed.
Borrowed ſtreames refraine their running,
When head ſprings are hindered.
One that liues by others breath,
Dyeth alſo by his death.

O true life, ſince thou haſt left me,
Mortall life is tedious,
Death it is to liue without thee,
Death of all moſt odious.
Turne againe, or take me to thee,
Let me die, or liue thou in mee.

Where the truth once was and is not,
Shaddowes are but vanitie:
Shewing want, that helpe they cannot,
Signes, not ſalues of miſerie.
Painted meate no hunger feedes,
Dying life each death exceeds.

With my loue, my life was neſtled
In the ſumme of happineſſe;
From my loue, my life is wreſted
To a world of heauineſſe.
O, let loue my life remoue,
Sith I liue not where I loue.

O my ſoule, what did vnlooſe thee
From thy ſweet captiuitie?
God, not I, did ſtill poſſeſſe thee:
His, not mine thy libertie.
O, too happie thrall thou wart,
When thy priſon was his hart.

Spightfull ſpeare, that break'ſt this priſon,
Seat of all felicitie,
Working this, with double treaſon,
Loues and liues deliuerie:
Though my life thou drau'ſt away,
Maugre thee my loue ſhall ſtay.

Tim:

Times goe by turnes.

THE lopped tree in time may grow againe,
Moſt naked plants renew both fruite and flower:
The ſorrieſt wight may find releaſe of paine,
The dryeſt ſoyle ſucke in ſome moyſtning ſhower.
Times goe by turnes, and chaunces change by courſe,
From ſoule to faire: from better hap to worſe.

The ſea of Fortune doth not euer flow,
Shee drawes her fauours to the loweſt ebbe;
Her tides haue equall times to come and goe,
Her Loome doth weaue the fine and courſeſt webbe.
No ioy ſo great, but runneth to an end:
No hap ſo hard, but may in fine amend.

Not alwaies fall of leafe, nor euer ſpring,
No endleſſe night, nor yet eternall day:
The ſaddeſt Birds a ſeaſon find to ſing,
The rougheſt ſtorme a calme may ſoone allay.
Thus with ſucceeding turnes God tempereth all:
That man may hope to riſe, yet feare to fal.

A chaunce may winne that by miſchaunce was loſt,
That net that holds no great, takes little fiſh;
In ſome things all, in all things none are croſt,
Fewe all they neede: but none haue all they wiſh,
Vnmeddled ioyes heere to no man befall:
Who leaſt, hath ſome, who moſt, hath neuer all.

Looke home.

REtyred thoughts enioy their owne delights,
As beautie doth in ſelfe-beholding eye:
Mans mind a mirrour is of heauenly ſights,
A briefe wherein all meruailes ſummed lye:
Of faireſt formes, and ſweeteſt ſhapes the ſtore,
Moſt gracefull all, yet thought may grace them more.

The minde a creature is, yet can create,
To Natures patterns adding higher skill:
Of fineſt works, wit better could the ſtate,
If force of wit had equall power of will.
Deuiſe of man in working hath no end:
What thought can think, another thought can mend.

Mans ſoule, of endleſſe beauties image is,
Drawne by the worke of endleſſe skill and might;
This skilfull might gaue many ſparks of bliſſe,
And to diſcerne this bliſſe a natiue light,
To frame Gods image as his worthes requir'd,
His might his skil, his word, and will conſpir'd.

All that he had, his Image ſhould preſent,
All that it ſhould preſent he could afford;
To that he could afford his will was bent,
His will was followed with performing word.
Let this ſuffize, by this conceiue the reſt,
He ſhould, he could, he would, he did the beſt.

Fortune

Fortunes falſhood.

IN worldly merriments lurketh much miſerie:
Slie fortunes ſubtilties, in baytes of happineſſe,
Shrowd hookes; that, ſwallowed (without recouery)
Murder the innocent with mortall heauineſſe.

Shee ſootheth appetites with pleaſing vanities,
Till they be conquered with cloaked tyranny:
Then, changing countenance, with open enmities
She triumphs ouer them, ſcorning their ſlauerie.

With fawning flatterie Deaths doore ſhe openeth,
Alluring paſſingers to bloodie deſtinie:
In offers bountifull, in proofe ſhee beggereth;
Mens ruins regiſtring her falſe felicitie.

Her hopes are faſtened in bliſſe that vaniſheth,
Her ſmart inherited with ſure poſſeſſion,
Conſtant in crueltie, ſhe neuer altereth,
But from one violence, to more oppreſſion.

To thoſe that follow her, fauours are meaſured
As eaſie premiſſes to hard concluſions;
With bitter corroſiues her ioyes are ſeaſoned;
Her higheſt benefits are but illuſions.

Her

Her way's a labyrinth of wandring paſſages:
Fooles common pilgrimage, to curſed deities:
Whoſe fond deuotion and idle menages,
Are wag'd with wearineſſe in fruitleſſe drudgeries.

Blinde, in her fauorites fooliſh election,
Chaunce is her arbiter in giuing dignitie:
Her choyſe of viſions, ſhewes moſt diſcretion,
Sith wealth the vertuous might wreſt from pietie.

To humble ſuppliants, tyrant moſt obſtinate:
Shee ſuters anſwereth with contrarieties.
Proud with petition, vntaught to mitigate
Rigour with clemencie in hardeſt cruelties.

Like Tygre fugitiue from the ambitious,
Like weeping Crocodile to ſcornfull enemies,
Suing for amitie where ſhee is odious,
But to her followers forſwearing curteſies.

No winde ſo changeable, no ſea ſo wauering,
As giddie Fortune in reeling varieties;
Now mad, now merciſull, now fierce, now fauoring:
In all things mutable, but mutabilities.

Scorne

Scorne not the leaſt.

WHere wards are weak, & foes encoũtring ſtrong,
Where mightier doe aſſault then doe defend,
The feebler part puts vp enforced wrong,
And ſilent ſees, that ſpeech could not amend;
Yet higher powers muſt thinke, though they repine,
When ſunne is ſet, the little ſtarres will ſhine.

While Pike doth range, the ſilly Tench doth flie,
And crouch in priuie creekes, with ſmaller fiſh:
Yet Pikes are caught when little fiſh goe by,
Theſe fleete aflote, while thoſe doe fill the diſh;
There is a time euen for the wormes to creepe,
And ſucke the deaw while all their foes doe ſleepe.

The Marline cannot euer ſoare on high,
Nor greedie Grey-hound ſtill purſue the chaſe,
The tender Larke will finde a time to flie,
And feareſull Hare to runne a quiet race.
He that high growth on Cedars did beſtow,
Gaue alſo lowly Muſhrumps leaue to growe.

In Hamans pompe poore Mardocheus wept,
Yet God did turne his fate vpon his foe.
The Lazar pinde, while Diues feaſt was kept,
Yet he to heauen, to hell did Diues goe.
We trample graſſe, and prize the flowers of May,
Yet graſſe is greene, when flowers doe fade away.

The natiuitie of Chriſt.

BEhold, the Father is his daughters ſonne:
The bird that built the neſt, is hatcht therein:
The old of yeeres, an howre hath not out-runne:
Eternall life, to liue doth now beginne.
The Word is dum, the mirth of heauen doth weepe,
Might feeble is, and force doth faintly creepe.

O dying ſoules, behold your liuing ſpring;
O dazeled eyes, behold yonr Sunne of grace;
Dull eares, attend what word this Word doth bring,
Vp heauie harts, with ioy your ioy embrace,
From death, from darke, from deafeneſſe, frō deſpaires,
This life, this light, this Word, this ioy repaires.

Gift better then himſelfe God doth not knowe:
Gift better then his God: no man can ſee;
This gift doth heere the giuer giuen beſtow,
Gift to this gift let each receiuer be.
God is my gift, himſelfe he freely gaue mee.
Gods gift am I, and none but God ſhall haue mee.

Man altered was by ſinne from man to beaſt,
Beaſts foode is hay, hay is all mortall fleſh,
Now God is fleſh, and lyes in Manger preſt
As hay, the bruteſt ſinner to refreſh:
O happie fie de wherein this fodder grew!
Whoſe taſte doth vs from beaſts to men renew.

Chriſts

Chriſts Childhoode.

TIll twelue yeares age, how Chriſt his child-hood
All earthly pens vnworthy were to write, (ſpent,
Such acts to mortall eyes he did preſent,
Whoſe worth, not men, but Angels muſt recite.
No natures blots, no childiſh faults defilde,
Where grace was guide, and God did play the child.

In ſpringing locks, lay couched hoarie wit,
In ſemblance young, a graue and auncient port,
In lowly lookes, high maieſtie did ſit:
In tender tongue, ſound ſenſe of ſageſt ſort,
Nature imparted all that ſhee could teach,
And God ſupplyed, where Nature could not reach.

His mirth, of modeſt meane a mirrour was,
His ſadneſſe, tempered with a milde aſpect;
His eye to trie each action was a glas,
Whoſe lookes did good approue, and bad correct.
His Natures gifts, his grace, his word and deed,
Well ſhewed that all did from a God proceede.

A Child my choice.

LEt follie prayſe that fancie loues: I prayſe and loue that child,
Whoſe hart no thought, whoſe tongue no word, whoſe hād no deede
I praiſe him moſt, I loue him beſt, all prayſe and loue is his: (deſi'd.
While him I loue, in him I liue, and cannot liue amiſſe.

Loues ſweeteſt marke, lawdes higheſt theme, mans moſt deſired light,
To loue him, life; to leaue him, death, to liue in him, delight.
He mine by gift, I his by debt, thus each to other's due,
Firſt friend hee was, beſt friend he is, all times will try him true.

Though young, yet wiſe, though ſmall, yet ſtrong, though man, yet God
As wiſe, he knowes, as ſtrong he can, as God he loues to bliſſe: (he is
His knowledge rules, his ſtregth defeds, his loue doth cherriſh all,
His birth our ioy, his life our light, his death our end of thrall.

Alas, hee weepes, he ſighes, he pants, yet doe his Angels ſing,
Out of his teares, his ſighes and throbs, doth bud a ioyfull ſpring,
Almightie babe, whoſe tender armes can force all foes to flie,
Correct my faults, protect my life, direct mee when I die.

Content

Content and rich.

I Dwell in graces Court,
Enricht with vertues rights;
Faith guides my wit, loue leades my will
Hope all my minde delights.

In lowly vales I mount
To pleaſures higheſt pitch:
My ſeely ſhroude true honour brings,
My poore eſtate is rich.

My conſcience is my crowne,
Contented thoughts, my reſt,
My hart is happie in it ſelfe,
My bliſſe is in my breſt.

Enough, I reckon wealth,
A meane, the ſureſt lot,
That lyes too high for baſe contempt,
Too low, for enuies ſhot.

My wiſhes are but few,
All eaſie to fulfill:
I make the limits of my power,
The bounds vnto my will.

I haue no hopes but one
Which is of heauenly raigne:
Effects attaind, or not deſir'd
All lower hopes refraine.

I feele no care of coyne,
Well-doing is my wealth,
My mind to me an Empire is
While grace affoordeth health.

I clyp high-climing thoughts,
The wings of ſwelling pride,
Their fall is worſt that from the height
Of greateſt honour ſlide.

Sith ſayles of largeſt ſize
The ſtorme doth ſooneſt teare,
I beare ſo low and ſmall a ſaile
As freeth mee from feare.

I wraſtle not with rage
While furies flame doth burne,
It is in vaine to ſtop the ſtreame
Vntill the tide doth turne.

But when the flame is out,
And ebbing wrath doth end,
I turne a late enraged foe
Into a quiet friend.

And taught with often proofe,
A tempered calme I finde
To be moſt ſolace to it ſelfe,
Beſt cure for angrie mind.

Spare dyet is my fare,
My clothes more fit then fine,
I know I feede and clothe a foe,
That pamp'red, would repine.

I enuie not their hap
Whom fauour doth aduance;
I take no pleaſure in their paine
That haue leſſe happie chaunce.

To riſe by others fall,
I deeme a looſing gaine;
All ſtates with others ruines built,
To ruine runne a maine.

No change of Fortunes calmes
Can caſt my comforts downe,
When Fortune ſmiles, I ſmile to thinke
How quickly ſhee will frowne.

And when in froward moode
Shee proues an angrie foe,
Small gaine I found to let her come,
Leſſe loſſe to let her goe.



Loſſe in delayes.

SHun delayes: they breede remorſe,
Take thy time while time doth ſerue thee,
Creeping Snayles haue weakeſt force,
Flie their fault, leaſt thou repent thee,
Good is beſt when ſooneſt wrought,
Lingring labours come to nought.

Hoyſe vp ſaile while gale doth laſt,
Tide and wind ſtay no mans pleaſure;
Seeke not time, when time is paſt,
Sober ſpeede is wiſedoms leyſure:
After wits are dearely bought,
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time weares all his locks before,
Take thou hold vpon his fore-head,
When he flyes, he turnes no more,
And behind his ſcalpe is naked,
Workes adiournd, haue many ſtayes,
Long demurres breede new delayes.

Seeke thy ſalue while ſoare is greene,
Feſtered wounds aske deeper launcing;
Alter cures are ſildome ſeene,
Often ſought ſcarce euer chauncing,
Time and place giue beſt aduiſe,
Out of ſeaſon, out of price.

Cruſh the Serpent in the head,
Breake ill egges ere they be hatched,
Kill bad Chickins in the tread;
Fligge, they hardly can be catched,
In the riſing, ſtifle ill,
Leaſt it grow againſt thy will.

Drops doe pearce the ſtubborne flint,
Not by force but often falling,
Cuſtome kils with feeble dint,
More by vſe then ſtrength preuailing.
Single ſands haue little waight,
Many make a drowning fraight.

Tender twigs are bent with eaſe,
Aged trees doe breake with bending,
Young deſires make little preaſe,
Growth doth make them paſt amending.
Happie man that ſoone doth knock,
Babel babes againſt the rocke.



Loose in delayes.

SHun delayes: they breede remorse,
Take thy time while time doth serue thee,
Creeping Snayles haue weakest force,
Flie their fault, least thou repent thee,
Good is best when soonest wrought:
Lingring labours come to nought.

Hoyse vp saile while gale doth last,
Tide and wind stay no mans pleasure,
Seeke not time, when time is past,
Sober speede is wisedoms leysure:
After wits are dearely bought,
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time weares all his locks before,
Take thou hold vpon his fore-head,
When he flyes, he turnes no more,
And behind his scalpe is naked.
Workes adiourn'd, haue many stayes,
Long demurres breede new delayes.

Seeke thy salue while sore is greene,
Festered wounds take deeper rankings
After cures are oft doome to come.
Often fought is scarce euer enamoring.
Time and place giue deth acquile,
Out of season, out of grace.

Crush the Serpent in the nest,
Breake il eggs ere they be hatched.
Kill bad Cupids in the crest,
Eggs once hatch'd can be catched,
Intreating, stifles it,
Loue grow against thy will.

Drops doe pierce the imbrasure flint,
Not by force but often falling,
Cupid is with reason dint,
Not by vyolent strength prevailing.
Loue is made with little weight,
Saue mee a drowning draught.

Louers vowes are bent with ease,
Age hates doe breake with beholding,
Sunne cleere make little or ease,
Brown coate makes mens eyes amazing.
Loue is an at home doth knock,
Neuer against the rocke.

Loues ſeruile Lot.

LOue, miſtreſſe is of many minds,
Yet few know whom they ſerue,
They reckon leaſt how little loue
Their ſeruice doth deſerue.

The will ſhe robbeth from the wit,
The ſenſe from reaſons lore,
Shee is delightfull in the rine,
Corrupted in the core;

Shee ſhroudeth vice in vertues vaile,
Pretending good in ill,
She offereth ioy, affordeth griefe,
A kiſſe where ſhe doth kill.

A honey ſhower raines from her lips,
Sweet lights ſhine in her face.
She hath the bluſh of virgine mind,
The mind of Vipers race.

Shee makes thee ſeeke, yet feare to find,
To finde, but not enioy;
In many frownes ſome gliding ſmiles,
Shee yeelds to more annoy.

Shee wooes thee to come neere her fire,
Yet doth ſhe draw it from thee,
Farre off ſhe makes thy hart to fry,
And yet to freeze within thee.

Shee letteth fall ſome luring baits
For fooles to gather vp:
Too ſweet, too ſowre, to euerie taſte
Shee tempereth her cup.

Soft ſoules ſhe binds in tender twiſt,
Small Flyes in ſpinners webbe,
She ſets afloate ſome luring ſtreames,
But makes them ſoone to ebbe.

Her watrie eyes haue burning force:
Her floods and flames conſpire:
Teares kindle ſparks, ſobs fuell are:
And ſighs doe blow her fire.

May neuer was the Month of loue,
For May is full of flowers,
But rather Aprill wet by kind,
For loue is full of ſhowers.

Like tyrant cruell wounds ſhe giues,
Like Surgeon ſalue ſhe lends,
But ſalue and ſore haue equall force,
For death is both their ends.

With ſoothing words, inthralled ſoules
Shee chaines in ſeruile bands,
Her eye in ſilence hath a ſpeach,
Which eye beſt vnderſtands.

Her little ſweet hath many ſowres,
Short hap immortall harmes,
Her louing lookes, are murdring darts,
Her ſongs bewitching charmes.

Like winter roſe, and ſommer Iſe
Her ioyes are ſtill vntimely,
Before her hope, behind remorſe,
Faire firſt, in fine vnſeemely.

Moodes paſſions, fancies iealous fits,
Attend vpon her traine:
Shee yeeldeth reſt without repoſe,
A heau'n in helliſh paine.

Her houſe is ſloth, her doore deceite,
And ſlipperie hope her ſtaires,
Vnbaſhfull boldnes bids her gueſts,
And euerie vice repaires.

Her dyet is of ſuch delight,
As pleaſe till they be paſt,
But then the poyſon kils the hart,
That did entiſe the taſte.

Her

Her ſleepe in ſinne, doth end in wrath,
Remorſe rings her awake,
Death cals her vp, ſhame driues her out,
Deſpaires her vp-ſhot make.

Plow not the Seas, ſowe not the ſands,
Leaue off your idle paine,
Seeke other miſtreſſe for your mindes,
Loues ſeruice is in vaine.

Life is but Loſſe.

BY force I liue, in will I wiſh to dye,
In plaint I paſſe the length of lingring dayes,
Free would my ſoule from mortall bodie flye,
And tread the tracke of deaths deſired wayes;
Life is but loſſe, where death is deemed gaine,
And loathed pleaſures breede diſpleaſing paine.

Who would not dye to kill all murdering greeues,
Or who would liue in neuer dying feares:
Who would not wiſh his treaſure ſafe from theeues,
And quit his hart from pangs, his eyes from teares?
Death parteth but two, euer fighting foes,
Whoſe ciuill ſtrife, doth worke our endleſſe woes.

Life is a wandring course to doubtfull rest,
As oft a cursed ryse to damning leape:
As happie race to winne a heauenly crest,
None being sure, what finall fruits to reape.
And who can like in such a life to dwell,
Whose wayes are straite to heau'n, but wide to hell.

Come cruell death why lingrest thou so long,
What doth withhold thy dint from fatall stroke?
Now prest I am: alas thou doest me wrong,
To let me liue more anger to prouoke:
Thy right is had, when thou hast stopt my breath,
Why should'st thou stay, to work my double death.

If *Saules* attempt in falling on his blade,
As lawfull were, as ethe to put in vre:
If *Sampsons* leaue, a common law were made,
Of *Abels* lot if all that would were sure.
Then cruell death thou should'st the tyrant play,
With none but such as wished for delay.

Where life is lou'd, thou readie art to kil,
And to abbridge with sodaine pangs their ioy,
Where life is loath'd thou wilt not work their will,
But dost adiourne their death to their annoy.
To some thou art a fierce vnbidden gueſt:
But those that craue thy helpe thou helpest least.

Auant ô viper, I thy spight defie,
There is a God that ouer-rules thy force,
Who can thy weapons to his will apply,
And shorten or prolong our brittle course:
I on his mercie, not thy might relye,
To him I liue, for him I hope to dye.

I dye

I Die aliue.

O Life what lets thee from a quick deceaſe?
O death what drawes thee from a preſent pray?
My feaſt is done, my ſoule would be at eaſe,
My grace is ſaid, ô death come take away.

I liue, but ſuch a life as euer dies:
I die, but ſuch a death, as neuer ends,
My death to end my dying life denies,
And life my liuing death no whit amends.

Thus ſtill I dye, yet ſtill I doe reuiue,
My liuing death by dying life is fed:
Grace more then Nature keepes my hart aliue,
Whoſe idle hopes and vaine deſires are dead.

Not where I breath, but where I loue I liue,
Not where I loue, but where I am I die:
The life I wiſh, muſt future glorie giue,
The deaths I feele, in preſent dangers lie.

What

What ioy to liue.

I Wage no warre, yet peace I none enioy,
I hope, I feare, I frie in freezing cold,
I mount in mirth ſtill proſtrate in annoy,
I all the world imbrace, yet nothing hold.
All wealth is want where chiefeſt wiſhes faile,
Yea life is loath'd, where loue may not pr euaile.

For that I loue, I long, but that I lack:
That others loue I loath, and that I haue:
All worldly fraights to me are deadly wrack,
Men, preſent hap, I future hopes doe craue.
They louing where they liue, long life require,
To liue where beſt I loue, death I deſire.

Heere loue is lent for loane of filthy gaine, (ſhew
Moſt friendes befriend themſelues with friendſhips
Heere, plentie perill, want doth breed diſdaine,
Cares common are, ioyes faultie, ſhort and few.
Heere honour enuide, meaneneſſe is deſpis'd,
Sinne deemed ſolace, vertue little pris'd.

Heere beautie is a baite that ſwallowed choakes,
A treaſure ſought ſtill to the owners harmes:
A light that eyes to murdring ſighs prouokes,
A grace that ſoules enchant with mortall charmes,
A luring ayme to Cupids fiery flights,
A balefull bliſſe that damnes where it delights.

O who woud liue, ſo many deaths to trie,
Where will doth wiſh that wilde me doth reproue?
Where Nature craues that grace muſt needs denie,
Where ſenſe doth like, that reaſon cannot loue,
Where beſt in ſhew, in fine all proofe is worſt,
Where pleaſures vp-ſhot is to die accurſt.



Lifes death Loues life.

WHo liues in loue, loues leaſt to liue,
And long delayes doth rue,
If him he loue by whom he liues
To whom all loue is due.

Who for our loue did chooſe to liue,
And was content to die;
Who lou'd our loue more then his life,
And loue with life did buy.

Let vs in life, yea with our life
Requite his liuing loue,
For beſt we liue when leaſt we liue,
If loue our life remoue.

Where loue is hote, life hatefull is,
Their grounds doe not agree,
Loue where it loues, life where it liues,
Deſireth moſt to be.

And ſith loue is not where it liues,
Nor liueth where it loues,
Loue hateth life, that holds it backe,
And death it beſt approues.

For ſildome is he wonne in life,
Whom loue doth moſt deſire:
If wonne by loue yet not enioyde,
Till mortall life expire.

Life out of earth, hath not aboad,
In earth loue hath no place,
Loue ſettled hath her ioyes in heau'n,
In earth life all her grace.

Mourne therefore no true louers death,
Life onely him annoyes.
And when he taketh leaue of life,
Then loue beginnes his ioyes.

At home in Heauen.

FAire ſoule, how long ſhal veiles thy graces ſhroud?
How long ſhall this exile with-hold thy right?
When will thy ſunne diſperſe this mortall cloud,
And giue thy glories ſcope to blaze their light?
O that a ſtarre more fit for Angels eyes,
Sroud pyne in earth, not ſhine aboue the skyes!

This ghoſtly beautie offered force to God,
It chayn'd him in the linkes of tender loue,
It wonne his will with man to make abode:
It ſtaid his ſword, and did his wrath remoue;
It made the rigor of his iuſtice yeeld,
And crowned mercie Empreſſe of the field.

This lull'd our heauenly Sampſon faſt aſleepe,
And laid him in our feeble natures lap;
This made him vnder mortall loade to creepe,
And in our fleſh his god-head to enwrap;
This made him ſoiourne with vs in exile,
And not diſdaine our tytles in his ſtile.

This brought him from the rankes of heau'nly quires,
Into this vale of teares, and curſed ſoyle;
From flowers of grace, into a world of bryers,
From life to death, from bliſſe to balefull toyle.
This made him wander in our Pilgrim weede,
And taſte our torments, to releeue our neede.

O ſoule, doe not thy noble thoughts abaſe,
To loſe thy loue in any mortall wight,
Content thine eye at home with natiue grace,
Sith God himſelfe is raviſht with thy ſight.
If on thy beautie God enamoured bee,
Baſe is thy loue of any leſſe then hee.

Giue not aſſent to muddy minded skill,
That deemes the feature of a pleaſing face,
To bē the ſweeteſt baite to lure the will,
Not valuing right the worth of ghoſtly grace;
Let Gods and Angels cenſure winne beliefe,
That of all beauties iudge our ſoules the chiefe.

Queene Heſter was of rare and peereleſſe hew,
And Iudeth once for beautie bare the vaunt,
But he that could our ſoules endowments view,
Would ſoone to ſoules the Crown of beautie graūt.
O ſoule out of thy ſelfe ſeeke God alone:
Grace more then thine, but Gods, the world hath none.

Lewd

Lewd loue is loſſe.

MIſdeeming eye that ſtoopeſt to the lure,
Of mortall worths, not worth ſo worthie loue,
All beauties baſe, all graces are impure
That doe thy erring thought from God remoue.
Sparkes to the fire, the beames yeeld to the ſunne,
All grace to God, from whom all graces runne.

If picture moue, more ſhould the patterne pleaſe,
No ſhaddow can with ſhaddowed things compare,
And fayreſt ſhapes whereon our loues doe ſeaze,
But ſilly ſignes of Gods high beauties are.
Goe ſteruing ſenſe, feede thou on earthly maſt,
True loue in Heau'n, ſeek thou thy ſweet repaſt.

Gleane not in barren ſoyle theſe offall eares,
Sith reape thou mayſt whole haruеſts of delight.
Baſe ioyes with griefes, bad hopes do end in feares,
Lewd loue with loſſe, euill peace with deadly fight:
Gods loue alone doth end with endleſſe eaſe,
Whoſe ioyes in hope, whoſe hope concludes in peace.

Let not the luring traine of fanſies trap,
Or gracious features proofes of Natures skill,
Lull reaſons force aſleepe in errors lap,
Or draw thy wit to bent of wanton will,
The fayreſt flowers, haue not the ſweeteſt ſmell,
A ſeeming heauen, prooues oft a damning hell.

Selfe-pleaſing ſoules that play with beauties bayte,
In ſhyning ſhroude may ſwallow fatall hooke,
Where eager ſight, or ſemblant faire doth waite,
A locke it proues that firſt was but a looke:
The fiſh with eaſe into the Net doth glide,
But to get out, the way is not ſo wide.

So long the flie doth dallie with the flame,
Vntill his ſinged wings doe force his fall,
So long the eye doth follow fancies game,
Till loue hath left the heart in heauie thrall;
Soone may the mind be caſt in Cupids layle,
But hard it is impriſoned thoughts to bayle.

O loath that love, whoſe finall ayme is luſt,
Moth of the minde, eclypſe of reaſons light,
The graue of grace, the mole of natures ruſt,
The wrack of wit, the wrong of euerie right;
In ſumme, an euill whoſe harmes no tongue can tell,
In which to liue is death, to dye is hell.

Loues

VAine loues auaunt, infamous is your pleaſure,
Your ioy deceit,
Your iewels ieſts, & worthleſſe traſh your treaſure
Fooles common bait.
Your palace is a priſon that allureth
To ſweet miſhap, and reſt that paine procureth.

Your garden griefe, hedg'd in with thornes of enuie,
And ſtakes of ſtrife,
Your Allyes errour, grauelled with iealouſie,
And cares of life.
Your bankes are ſeates enwrapt with ſhades of ſadnes,
Your Arbours breede rough fittes of raging madnes.

Your beds are ſowen with ſeedes of all iniquitie,
And poys'ning weedes:
Whoſe ſtalks euill thoughts, whoſe leaues words ful of vanitie,
Whoſe fruite miſdeedes.
Whoſe ſap is ſinne, whoſe force and operation,
To baniſh grace, and worke the ſoules damnation.

Your trees are diſmall plants of pyning corroſiues,
Whoſe roote is ruth.
Whoſe barke is bale, whoſe timber ſtubborn fantaſies,
Whoſe pyth vntruth.
On which in liew of birds whoſe voice delighteth,
Of guiltie conſcience ſcreeching note affrighteth.

Your cooleſt ſommer gales are ſcalding ſighings,
Your ſhowers are teares.
Your ſweeteſt ſmell the ſtinch of ſinfull liuing.
Your fauours feares;
Your gardener ſathan, all you reape is miſerie:
Your gaine remorſe, and loſſe of all felicitie.

From

From Fortunes reach.

LEt fickle fortune runne her blindeſt race:
I ſettled haue an vnremoued mind:
I ſcorne to be the game of fanſies chaſe,
Or vane to ſhew the change of euery wind,
Light giddy humors, ſtinted to no reſt,
Still change their choiſe, yet neuer choſe the beſt.

My choyſe was guided by foreſightfull heed,
It was auerred with approuing wil,
It ſhall be followed with performing deed:
And ſeal'd with vow, till death the chooſer kill,
Yea death though finall date of vaine deſires,
Ends not my choyſe, which with no time expires.

To beauties fading bliſſe I am no thrall;
I burie not my thoughts in metall Mines,
I ayme not at ſuch fame, as feareth fall,
I ſeeke and find a light that euer ſhines:
Whoſe glorious beames diſplay ſuch heauenly ſights,
As yeeld my ſoule a ſumme of all delights.

My light to loue, my loue to life doth guide
To life that liues by loue, and loueth light:
By loue to one, to whom all loues are tied
By deweſt debt, and neuer equall right.
Eyes light, harts loue, ſoules trueſt life he is,
Conſorting in three ioyes, one perfect bliſſe.

A fan-

A Phanſie turned to a ſinners complaint.

HEe that his mirth hath loſt,
Whoſe comfort is to rue,
Whoſe hope is fallen, whoſe faith is cras'd,
Whoſe truſt is found vntrue:

If he haue held them deare,
And cannot ceaſe to mone;
Come, let him take his place by me,
He ſhall not rue alone.

But if the ſmalleſt ſweete,
Be mixt with all his ſowre;
If in the day, the moneth, the yeare,
He feele one lightning howre,

Then reſt he with himſelfe,
He is no mate for me;
Whoſe time in teares, whoſe race in ruth,
Whoſe life a death muſt be.

Yet not the wiſhed death,
That feeles no plaint or lack:

That making free the better part,
Is onely Natures wrack.

O no, that were too well,
My death is of the minde;
That alwayes yeelds extreameſt pangs,
Yet threatens worſe behinde.

As one that liues in ſhewe,
And inwardly dooth die;
Whoſe knowledge is a bloodie field,
Where vertue ſlaine doth lie.

Whoſe heart the Altar is,
And hoaſt, a God to moue:
From whom my ill doth feare reuenge,
His good doth promiſe loue.

My phanſies are like thornes,
In which I goe by night;
My frighted wits are like an hoaſt,
That force hath put to flight.

My ſenſe is paſſions ſpie,
My thoughts like ruines olde,
Which ſhew how faire the building was,
While grace did it vpholde.

And ſtill before my eyes,
My mortall fall they lay;

Whom grace and vertue once aduaunc't,
Now ſinne hath caſt away.

O thoughts, no thoughts but wounds,
Sometime the ſeate of ioy,
Sometime the ſtore of quiet reſt,
But now of all annoy.

I ſow'd the ſoyle of peace;
My bliſſe was in the ſpring;
And day by day the fruite I eate,
That Vertues tree did bring.

To Nettles now my corne,
My field is turn'd to flint;
Where I a heauie harueſt reape
Of cares that neuer ſtint.

The peace, the reſt, the life,
That I enioy'd of yore,
Were happie lot, but by their loſſe,
My ſmart doth ſting the more.

So to vnhappy men,
The beſt frames to the worſt:
O time, ô place, where thus I fell,
Deare then, but now accurſt.

In was, ſtands my delight,
In is, and ſhall my woe,

My horror faſtned in the yea,
My hope hangs in the no.

Vnworthie of releeſe,
That craued it too late;
Too late I finde, (I finde too well)
Too well, ſtood my eſtate.

Behold, ſuch is the end,
That pleaſure doth procure,
Of nothing elſe but care and plaint,
Can ſhe the minde aſſure.

Forſaken firſt by grace,
By pleaſure now forgotten,
Her paine I feele, but graces wage
Haue others from me gotten.

Then grace, where is the ioy,
That makes thy torments ſweete;
Where is the cauſe that many thought,
Their deaths through thee but meete?

Where thy diſdaine of ſinne,
Thy ſecret ſweet delight;
Thy ſparks of bliſſe, thy heauenly ioyes,
That ſhined erſt ſo bright?

O that they were not loſt,
Or I could it excuſe;

O that

O that a dreame of fained loſſe,
My iudgement did abuſe.

O fraile inconſtant fleſh,
Soone trapt in euerie ginne;
Soone wrought thus to betray thy ſoule,
And plunge thy ſelfe in ſinne.

Yet hate I but the faule,
And not the faultie one.
Ne can I rid from me the mate,
That forceth me to moane.

To moane a ſinners caſe,
Then which, was neuer worſe;
In Prince or poore, in young or olde,
In bliſt, or full of curſe.

Yet Gods muſt I remaine,
By death, by wrong, by ſhame;
I cannot blot out of my hart,
That grace writ in his name,

I cannot ſet at naught
Whom I haue held ſo deere:
I cannot make him ſeeme afarre,
That is in deede ſo neere.

Not that I looke hence-forth
For loue that earſt I found;

Sith that I brake my plighted truth,
To build on fickle ground.

Yet that ſhall neuer faile,
Which my faith bare in hand:
I gaue my vow, my vow gaue me,
Both vow and gift ſhall ſtand.

But ſince that I haue ſinn'd,
And ſcourge none is too ill;
I yeeld me captiue to my curſe,
My hard fate to fulfill.

The ſolitarie Wood
My Cittie ſhall become,
The darkeſt dennes ſhall be my Lodge,
In which I reſt or come.

A ſandie plot my board,
The wormes my feaſt ſhall be,
Wher-with my carcaſſe ſhall be fed,
Vntill they feede on me.

My teares ſhall be my wine,
My bed a craggy Rock;
My harmonie the Serpents hiſſe,
The ſcreeching Owle my clock.

My exerciſe remorſe,
And dolefull ſinners layes,

My booke remembrance of my crimes,
And faults of former dayes.

My walke the path of plaint,
My proſpect into hell;
Where Iudas and his curſed crue,
In endleſſe paines doe dwell.

And though I ſeeme to vſe
The fayning Poets ſtile,
To figure forth my carefull plight,
My fall, and my exile:

Yet is my greefe not fain'd,
Wherein I ſtarue and pine,
Who feeles the moſt, ſhall think it leaſt,
If his compare with mine.

Dauids Peccaui.

IN caues, ſole Sparrowe ſits not more alone,
Nor mourning Pellican in Deſert wilde,
Then ſilly I, that ſolitarie mone,
From higheſt hopes to hardeſt hap exilde:
Sometime (ô blisfull time) was vertues meede,
Ayme to my thoughts, guide to my word and deede.

But

But feares are now my Pheares, griefe my delight,
My teares my drink, my famiſht thoughts my bread;
Day full of dumps, Nurſe of vnreſt the night,
My garments giues, a bloodie field my bed,
My ſleepe is rather death, then deaths allie,
Yet kill'd with murd'ring pangs I cannot die.

This is the chaunce of my ill changed choyſe,
Ruth for my reſt, for comforts cares I finde;
To pleaſant tunes ſucceedes a playning voice,
The dolefull ecchoe of my wayling minde:
Which taught to know the worth of vertues ioyes,
Doth hate it ſelfe for louing fancies toyes.

If wiles of wit had ouer-raught my will,
Or ſubtle trainesmiſled my ſteppes awrie,
My foile had found excuſe in want of skill,
Ill deede I might, though not ill doome denie:
But wit and will muſt now confeſſe with ſhame,
Both deede and doome to haue deſerued blame.

I Fanſie deem'd fit guide to leade my way,
And as I deem'd, I did purſue her tracks;
Wit loſt his ayme, and will was Fancies pray,
The Rebels wan, the Rulers went to wrack:
But now ſith fanſie did with folly end,
Wit bought with loſſe, will taught by wit, will mend.

Sinnes

Sinnes heauie loade.

O Lord, my ſinnes doe ouer-charge thy breſt,
The poyſe therof doth force thy knees to bow:
Yea flat thou falleſt with my faults oppreſt,
And bloodie ſweat runs trickling frō thy brow:
But had they not to earth thus preſſed thee,
Much more they would in hell haue peſtred mee.

This Globe of earth doth thy one finger prop,
The world thou doo'ſt within thy hand embrace:
Yet all this waight, of ſweat drew not a drop,
Ne made thee bow, much leſſe fall on thy face:
But now thou haſt a loade ſo heauie found,
That makes thee bow, yea fall flat to the ground.

O ſinne, how huge and heauie is thy waight!
That waigheſt more then all the world beſide.
Of which when Chriſt had taken-in his fraight,
The poyſe thereof his fleſh could not abide.
Alas, if God himſelfe ſinke vnder ſinne,
What will become of man that dies therein?

Firſt, ſtat thou fell'ſt, when earth did thee receaue,
In cloſet pure of Maries virgin breſt;
And now thou fall'ſt, of earth to take thy leaue,
Thou kiſſeſt it as cauſe of thy vnreſt:
O louing Lord that ſo dooſt loue thy foe,
As thus to kiſſe the ground where he doth goe.

Thou minded in thy heauen our earth to weare,
Doo'ſt proſtrate now thy heauen, our earth to bliſſe;
As God, to earth thou often wert ſeuere:
As man, thou call'ſt a peace with bleeding kiſſe.
For as of ſoules thou common Father art,
So is ſhe Mother of mans other part.

She ſhortly was to drink thy deareſt blood,
And yeeld thy ſoule a way to ſathans caue:
She ſhortly was thy corſe in tombe to ſhrowd,
And with them all thy deitie to haue:
Now then in me thou ioyntly yeeldeſt all,
That ſeuerally to earth ſhould ſhortly fall.

O proſtrate Chriſt, erect my crooked minde,
Lord let thy fall my flight from earth obtaine:
Or if I needes muſt ſtill in earth be ſhrin'd,
Then Lord on earth come fall yet once againe:
And either yeeld in earth with me to lie,
Or elſe with thee to take me to the skie.

Ioſephs

Ioſephs Amazement.

WHen Chriſt by growth diſcloſed his deſcent,
Into the pure receipt of Maries breſt:
Poore Ioſeph, ſtranger yet to Gods intent,
With doubts of iealous thoughts was ſore oppreſt:
And wrought with diuers fits of feare and loue,
He neither can her free, nor faultie proue.

Now ſince the wakefull ſpie of iealous minde,
By ſtrong coniectures deemeth her defil'd;
But loue, in doome of things beſt loued blinde,
Thinks rather ſenſe deceiu'd, then her with childe:
Yet proofes ſo pregnant were, that no pretence
Could cloake a thing ſo cleare and plaine to ſenſe.

Then Ioſeph daunted with a deadly wound,
Let looſe the raines of vndeſerued griefe,
His hart did throb, his eyes in teares were drownd,
His life a loſſe, death ſeem'd his beſt relieſe:
The pleaſing relliſh of his former loue,
In gauliſh thoughts to bitter taſte doth proue.

One foote he often ſetteth out of dore,
But t'other loath vncertaine wayes to treads
He takes his fardell for his needfull ſtore,
He caſts his Inne where firſt he meanes to bed:
But ſtill ere he can frame h's feete to goe,
Loue winneth time, till all conclude in no.

Sometimes griefe adding force he doth depart,
He will againſt his will keepe on his paſe;
But ſtraight remorſe ſo racks his raging hart,
That haſting thoughts yeeld to a pauſing paſe:
Then mightie reaſons preſſe him to remaine,
She whom he flies doth winne him home againe.

But when his thought by ſight of his aboade,
Preſents the ſigne of miſeſteemd ſhame;
Repenting euerie ſtep that back he troade,
Teares done, the guide, the tong, the feet doth blame:
Thus warring with himſelfe a field he fights,
Where euerie wound vpon the giuer lights.

And was (quoth he) my loue ſo lightly pris'd,
Or was our ſacred league ſo ſoone forgot?
Could vowes be voide, could vertues be deſpis'd;
Could ſuch a ſpouſe be ſtain'd with ſuch a ſpot?
O wretched Ioſeph that hath liu'd ſo long,
Of faithfull loue to reape ſo greeuous wrong.

Could

Could ſuch a worme breed in ſo ſweet a wood?
Could in ſo chaſt demeanure lurke vntruth?
Could vice lie hid where Vertues image ſtood?
Where hoarie ſageneſſe graced tender youth?
Where can affiance reſt, to reſt ſecure?
In vertues faireſt ſeate, faith is not ſure.

All proofes did promiſe hope a pledge of grace,
Whoſe good might haue repay'd the deepeſt ills;
Sweet ſignes of pureſt thoughts in Saintly face,
Aſſur'd the eye of her vnſtained will,
Yet in this ſeeming luſtre, ſeeme to lie,
Such crimes for which the law condemnes to die.

But Ioſephs word ſhall neuer worke her woe,
I wiſh her leaue to liue, not doome to die;
Though fortune mine, yet am I not her foe,
She to her ſelfe leſſe louing is then I:
The moſt I will, the leaſt I can is this,
Sith none may ſalue, to ſhunne that is amiſſe.

Exile my home, the wildes ſhall be my walke,
Complaint my ioy, my muſick mourning layes;
With penſiue griefes in ſilence will I talke,
Sad thoughts ſhall be my guides in ſorrowes waies:
This courſe beſt ſutes the care of careleſſe minde,
That ſeekes to loſe, what moſt it ioy'd to finde.

Like ſtocked tree whoſe branches all doe fade,
Whoſe leaues doe fall, and periſht fruite decay;
Like hearbe that growes in cold and barren ſhade,
Where darknes driues all quickning heate away:
So die muſt I, cut from my roote of ioy,
And throwne in darkeſt ſhades of deepe annoy.

But who can flie from that his heart doth feele?
What change of place can change implanted paine?
Remouing, moues no hardnes from the ſteele.
Sicke hearts, that ſhift no fits, ſhift roomes in vaine:
Where thought can ſee, what helps the cloſed eye?
Where hart purſues, what gaines the foote to flie?

Yet ſtill I tread a maze of doubtfull ende;
I goe, I come, ſhe drawes, ſhee driues away,
She wounds, ſhe heales, ſhe doth both marre & mend,
She makes me ſeeke, and ſhunne, depart, and ſtay:
She is a friend to loue, a foe to loth,
And in ſuſpence I hang betweene them both.

New Prince, new pompe.

BEhold a ſilly tender Babe,
In freeſing Winter night:
In homely manger trembling lies,
Alas a pittious ſight:
The Innes are full, no man will yeeld
This little Pilgrime bed:
But forc't he is with ſillie beaſts,
In Crib to ſhrowd his head.
Deſpiſe him not for lying there,
Firſt what he is enquire:
An orient pearle is often found,
In depth of dirtie mire.
Waigh not his Crib, his wodden diſh,
Nor beaſts that by him feede:
Waigh not his Mothers poore attire,
Nor Ioſephs ſimple weede.
This ſtable is a Princes Court,
The Crib his chaire of ſtate:
The beaſts are parcell of his Pompe,
The wodden diſh his plate.
The perſons in that poore attire,
His royall liueries weare,
The Prince himſelfe is com'n from heauen,
This pompe is prized there.

With

With ioy approach ô Chriſtian wight,
Doe homage to thy King;
And highly prayſe his humble pompe,
Which he from heauen doth bring.

The burning Babe.

AS I in hoarie Winters night ſtood ſhiuering in the ſnowe,
Surpris'd I was with ſodaine heate, which made my hart to glowe;
And lifting vp a fearefull eye, to view what fire was neere,
A prettie Babe all burning bright did in the ayre appeare;
Who, ſcorched with exceſſiue heate, ſuch floods of teares did ſhed,
As though his floods ſhould quench his flames, which with his teares were bred:
Alas, (quoth he) but newly borne, in fierie heates I frie,
Yet none approach to warme their harts, or feele my fire but I;
My faultleſſe breaſt the furnace is, the fuell wounding thornes:
Loue is the fire, and ſighes the ſmoake, the aſhes ſhames and ſcornes;
The fewell Iuſtice layeth on, and Mercie blowes the coales,
The metall in this furnace wrought, are mens defiled ſoules:
For which, as now on fire I am to worke them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath, to waſh them in my blood.
With this he vaniſht out of ſight, and ſwiftly ſhrunk away,
And ſtraight I called vnto minde, that it was Chriſtmaſſe day.

New

New heauen, new warre.

COme to your heauen you heauenly quires,
Earth hath the heauen of your deſires:
Remoue your dwelling to your God,
A ſtall is now his beſt abode;
Sith men their homage doe denie,
Come Angels all their fault ſupply.

His chilling cold doth heate require,
Come Seraphins in liew of fire;
This little Arke no couer hath,
Let Cherubs wings his bodie ſwathe:
Come Raphaell, this Babe muſt eate,
Prouide our little Tobie meate.

Let Gabriell be now his groome,
That firſt tooke vp his earthly roome;
Let Michaell ſtand in his defence,
Whom loue hath linkt to feeble ſenſe,
Let Graces rocke when he doth crie,
Let Angels ſing his lullabie.

The ſame you ſaw in heauenly ſeate,
Is he that now ſucks Maries teate;
Agnize your King a mortall wight,
His borrowed weed lets not your ſight:
Come kiſſe the manger where he lies,
That is your bliſſe aboue the skies.

This little Babe, ſo few dayes olde,
Is comne to ryfle Sathans folde;
All hell doth at his preſence quake,
Though he himſelfe for cold doe ſhake:
For in this weake vnarmed wiſe,
The gates of hell he will ſurpriſe.

With teares he fights and winnes the field,
His naked breaſt ſtands for a ſhield;
His battering ſhot are babiſh cries,
His Arrowes lookes of weeping eyes,
His Martiall enſignes cold and neede,
And feeble fleſh his warriers ſteede.

His Campe is pitched in a ſtall,
His bulwarke but a broken wall:
The Crib his trench, hay ſtalks his ſtakes,
Of Sheepheards he his Muſter makes;
And thus as ſure his foe to wound,
The Angells trumps alarum ſound.

My ſoule with Chriſt ioyne thou in fight,
Stick to the tents that he hath dight:
Within his Crib is ſureſt ward,
This little Babe will be thy guard:
If thou wilt foyle thy foes with ioy,
Then flit not from the heauenly boy.

FINIS.